

February 10, 1910

## MISS EMMA JOHNSON DIES

Miss Emma Johnson passed away at 2:00 Saturday morning, Feb. 5th, after much illness and suffering, which lasted for more than a year. Somewhat over a year ago, the family planned to spend a winter at Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Johnson had not been in the best of health, and grew worse after leaving home, in consequence of which long stops were made at St. Louis and San Antonio on the way to California. At Los Angeles she was bed-ridden for several weeks, suffering severe hemorrhages. In a greatly weakened condition she was brought home in the spring of 1899. At intervals since she had been subject to hemorrhages, each recurrence leaving her somewhat weaker and steadily undermining her constitution. It was evident as the weeks and months passed, that the final summons would not be long delayed.

Funeral services were conducted at the home by Rev. J. S. Butt, on Sunday afternoon, he speaking hopefully from the text, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The body, accompanied by her father and Mr. Butt, was taken to the old home at Spring Valley, Minn., Sunday night, for interment in the cemetery where are buried many relatives of the Johnson family.

Miss Emma was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Johnson, born at Spring Valley, Minn., in 1866. Lived there until the family came to Dakota Territory, twenty-seven years ago. Her only brother died a few years after the family located in Groton.

Miss Johnson was a musician of unusual ability, and in her younger days attained to much skill as player and accompanist on the piano. The late C. E. Leslie of Chicago, noted musical composer and director, with whom she did concert and convention work as pianist, dedicated to her one of his popular compositions, contained in one of his later books.

The writer hereof had known Miss Emma from her childhood, at the old Spring Valley home, and remembers well the bright little school girl who afterward played a large part in the musical, religious and social life of Groton during pioneer days. Thought of what her going means to the home bereft stirs the very depths: and human sympathy seems so puny as to accomplish little, save as it symbolizes that of the Infinite Father.